

PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

28



82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS

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We at Private wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations. We believe that sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it. Furthermore we know, that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality.

Mit Private möchten wir eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle sexuellen Einstellungen erleichtern. Wir meinen: Sex ist etwas Schönes und Naturliches, vor dem es keine Geheimnistuerei oder Schamgefühle geben sollte. Wir wissen: Gute Erotografie hat eine positiv anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität.

Par le canal de Private nous souhaitons contribuer a la formation d'une optique libérale sur la sexualité et a l'acceptation sociale de toutes ses manifestations. Nous croyons que la volupté sexuelle satisfait a la fois la nature et la beauté. Finis les cachoteries et les sentiments de honte ! Nous sommes certains qu'une érotographie de bon aloi active et affine la sexualité humaine.

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I'M A PROFESSIONAL CALLGIRL



When I came back to Stockholm after a short trip to Italy, where I made an interview with Titti Sciascia and the police officer Piccolella, I found a letter marked personal on my desk. After reading it twice I said to myself: "This would be a super moral!" Here is the letter.

Dear Mr. Milton,

I am a professional call-girl, 25 years of age, living in London. My motivation for writing is to inform you that prostitution doesn't always have to be distasteful and combined with alcoholism etc., as most people think.

I like my profession and have no regrets that I left my career as an air-hostess and became a fulltime call-girl.

I was brought up in an upper middle-class family. My father is a business man and I got through my studies at University without any problem. After that, I started to work as an air-hostess, and I worked for a year and a half until I finally decided to give it up and start a new career. Well, not really new, the fact is that since I was 16, from time to time, I had as people use to say: 'sold my body.' And why? Well, I have a very simple explanation. Even when I was very young I liked very much to make love. To fuck. I must have been quite sexy for my age, because I always had a lot of boys hanging around me. Soon I found out that some mature men were not only willing to take me out to dinner, but also pay me. Being very erotic, I changed partners quite often. For me it became in a way natural to accept payment for my

willingness, but this was just occasionally. It really started, when I became an air-hostess. My job gave me a lot of opportunities to meet men and also handle the situation with full discretion. I liked it! But anyhow it was a very important step for me, when I decided to quit my job to become a fulltime prostitute.

I have two flats in central London. One is specially designed for my work and one is for my private life. As you can understand, the flat where I see my clients is very exclusively furnished, just like a french boudoir with a huge wardrobe, so I can dress in any way, according to my client's desires. I have a very nice sports car, some fur coats and a lot of elegant dresses, at least two months a year I have my holydays all over the world.

I have quite a few regulars who visit me every two weeks, or whenever they are in Europe. My telephone number, which you can find on my card reading Public Relations, is always injected into the right circles and is in service 24 hours a day. So my telephone is ringing all day long. I don't have to go out hunting, but of course I do it from time to time, just for the fun of it as it excites me.

The wonderful feeling every time a man comes inside me, gives me double excitement knowing that I am getting paid for it. Many women can't even please one man—I'm pleasing hundreds. Quite often I fly to the continent to see one of my regulars or to get introduced to a new important person—with all expenses paid.

Judging from what I read, most research about prostitution says that a whore in general hates men.

Als ich von einem kurzen Aufenthalt in Italien, wo ich Titti Sciascia und Polizeileutnant Piccolella interviewt hatte, nach Stockholm zurückkam, fand ich auf meinem Schreibtisch einen an mich persönlich adressierten Brief vor. Nachdem ich den Brief zweimal gelesen hatte, sagte ich zu mir selbst: „Dies ist ja MORAL in wahren Superformat!“ Der Brief lautete wie folgt:

Lieber Herr Milton!

Ich bin ein professionelles Call-girl, 25 Jahre alt und wohnhaft in London. Weshalb ich Ihnen schreiben? Um Sie darüber zu informieren, dass Prostitution nicht immer abstoßend und mit Alkohol etc. verbunden zu sein braucht, wie die meisten Menschen zu glauben scheinen.

Ich liebe meinen Beruf und ich bereue es nicht, dass ich meinen Beruf als Flug-Stewardess aufgegeben habe und vollbeschäftigtes Call-girl geworden bin.

Ich bin in einer gutbürgerlichen Familie aufgewachsen. Mein Vater ist Geschäftsmann. Meine Universitätsstudien habe ich ohne irgendwelche Probleme absolviert. Anschliessend begann ich, als Flug-Stewardess zu arbeiten. Nach 1½ Jahren entschloss ich mich, diesen Beruf aufzugeben und eine neue Laufbahn zu beginnen. Nun ja, neu war sie eigentlich nicht. Tatsache ist, dass ich seit meinem 16. Lebensjahr meinen Körper dann und wann, wie man zu sagen pflegt, „verkauft“ habe. Weshalb? Meine Erklärung ist äusserst einfach. Schon in frühen Jahren hatte ich grosses Vergnügen am Ficken, es machte mir wirklich Spass. Ich muss ziemlich sexy gewesen sein für mein Alter, denn ich war stets von Jungen umschwärmt. Es

dauerte nicht lange, dass ich feststellte, dass gewisse erwachsene Männer nicht nur bereit waren, mich zum Essen einzuladen, sondern dass sie auch gern dafür bezahlten. Da ich sehr erotisch veranlagt bin, wechselte ich meine Partner oft. Es erschien mir eigentlich ganz natürlich, Bezahlung für meine Berietwilligkeit entgegenzunehmen. Aber es kam nur gelegentlich vor. Richtig begann es erst, als ich Stewardess wurde. Meine Arbeit brachte es mit sich, Männer zu treffen und äusserste Diskretion zu wahren. Ich war begeistert! Trotzdem war es ein grosser Schritt für mich, als ich mich dazu entschloss, meinen Beruf an den Nagel zu hängen, um Ganzzeit-Prostituierte zu werden.

Ich habe zwei Wohnungen im Zentrum von London. Die eine ist für meine Arbeit eingerichtet, in der anderen verbringe ich mein Privatleben. Wie Sie sich vorstellen können, ist die Wohnung, in der ich meine Klienten empfangen, sehr exklusiv eingerichtet, ungefähr wie ein französisches Boudoir. Ich habe dort eine reichhaltige Garderobe, so dass ich immer gerade das anziehen kann, was meinen Klienten gefällt.

Ich habe einen flotten Sportwagen, mehrere Pelze und elegante Kleider en masse. Wenigstens zwei Monate im Jahr mache ich Urlaub und reise, wohin ich gerade Lust habe.

Ich habe mehrere Stammkunden, die mich alle 14 Tage besuchen oder wann immer sie in Europa sind. Meine Rufnummer, die Sie auf meiner Public Relation-Karte finden, ist immer in den richtigen Kreisen bekannt und wird Tag und nacht beantwortet. Es läuft

This I can't understand, it can't be true. I don't hate men! Of course I don't like them all, but let me put it this way: A business man, a shop owner, a dentist or a doctor may not like all his clients, but at least he doesn't hate them. One thing I can assure you, I don't hate my clients, and with most of them I even get an orgasm.

What is an average day or night like for me? Well, you can understand that most of my evenings are very late or let's say early mornings, so I usually sleep until noon. I get up, have a bath and do some shopping. Back at the flat, I check my telephone-answering service and start to work out the schedule for the evening. I prefer, of course, to let my clients come to my boudoir, but I also visit them.

I dress according to their wishes. Sometimes, as you know, a suspender belt, black netstockings, high heeled shoes, jewellery and a nice hair-set is what they fancy. Other times I dress like a little schoolgirl, uniform and tie, or like a cheap whore in a miniskirt without panties. Well, I don't have to go more into detail, but naturally I give my clients all they want.

Every part of my body is for sale. I'm giving my clients what every housewife should give her husband, the only difference is, that I'm paid for my services. Well, all this sounds very well, but my profession must have some disadvantages! Yes, it has, and the worst is all this hypocrisy. Generally, people can't understand why my clients come to me, not only to fuck me, but also to talk to me, to discuss their problems. They show me pictures of their wife and kids, who most of the time they are very proud of. They talk about their business, their emotional problems and also about their family problems, all which I'm willing to listen to and understand. They can't go to a doctor, they can't see a lawyer, they can't even talk to a good friend, and of course not to their wife. Isn't it strange in a way, that an intelligent and successful man prefers to discuss his problems with a woman of very low social status, a prostitute, rather than with his wife, and also is willing to pay her for it?

I think it is very important to listen to a man and to try to understand him. This is what housewives should do. Of course, if they did, I'd get less clients.

When people talk about prostitution and prostitutes in a discriminating way I would like to say: "No demand—no supply."

I am not married, not yet, but that doesn't worry me at all. I have had many offers so far, but no man has been interesting enough to me. But I'm quite convinced that one day I will meet the man with the right mind, probably a client, that I can love. Then, and only then will I marry. I don't know whether I'm going to give up whoring or not when I marry, that depends. I could give it up, as other women give up their career when they marry, but I could also carry on.

There are a few things I'd like to point out. I didn't become a whore because of any special circumstances—I chose it and I get a lot of pleasure out of it. I don't think I'm going to be destroyed for the rest of my life just because I have been a whore. Didn't a

philosopher once say: "a good whore will always become a good wife."

Finally, Mr. Milton, I would be very pleased if you'd publish this letter, because I think there is value in what I have written and it might give some people a new way of looking upon prostitution. It might also help girls who want to try whoring, to understand that it's not as bad as some scientists, doctors and sexologists say.

So, Mr. Milton, keep up your good work and good luck in the future. If you want to write me a few lines you have my address.

Kindest regards,

A Whore.

Dear Whore,

I have already answered your letter, but I also want to take the opportunity to tell you here in my magazine that I admire you. I also appreciate your frankness and I sincerely respect you.

Your friend

MILTON

tet also ständig bei mir, und ich brauche nicht auf die Strasse zu gehen, um Klienten zu jagen. Von Zeit zu Zeit tute ich es jedoch — weil es mir Spass macht und weil ich es spannend finde.

Das wunderbare Gefühl, das ich jedesmal habe, wenn ich mit einem Mann zusammen bin, ist doppelt so gross, weil ich weiss, dass ich ausserdem dafür bezahlt bekomme. Viele Frauen können nicht einmal einen Mann befriedigen — ich befriedige Hunderte. Recht oft fliege ich zum Kontinenten, um einen meiner Stammklienten zu besuchen oder um einer neuen wichtigen Person vorgestellt zu werden, ohne dass dies mich einen Pfennig kostet!

Nachdem was man so liest, kommen die meisten über Prostitution angestellten Untersuchungen zu dem Resultat, dass Huren im allgemeinen Männerhasserinnen sind. Ich kann das weder verstehen noch glauben. Ich hasse die Männer nicht! Natürlich mag ich sie nicht alle. Man braucht ja nur an Geschäftsleute, Ladenbesitzer, Zahnärzte und Ärzte zu denken. Die mögen auch nicht alle Kunden oder Klienten, aber deshalb hassen sie sie doch nicht. Eine Sache ist sicher, ich hasse meine Klienten nicht und mit den meisten kommt es bei mir zum Orgasmus.

Wie verbringe ich meine Tage und Nächte? Nun ja, Sie verstehen natürlich, dass es sich bei mir meistens um späte Abende oder richtiger gesagt frühe Morgenstunden handelt. Ich schlafe also im allgemeinen bis 12 Uhr mittags. Ich stehe auf, bade und

kaufe ein. Heimgekommen, rufe ich meinen Telefondienst an und arbeite dann das Schema für den Abend aus. Ich ziehe es natürlich vor, dass meine Klienten zu mir kommen, aber selbstverständlich gehe ich auch zu ihnen.

Bei der Wahl meiner Kleidung richte ich mich nach dem Wünschen der Klienten. Wie Sie wissen, lieben einige es, dass man einen Hüftgürtel, schwarze Netzstrümpfe, Schuhe mit hohen Absätzen, Schmuck und eine hübsche Frisur hat. Manchmal kleide ich mich wie ein kleines Schulmädchen in Schuluniform mit Schlips oder wie eine billige Hure in Minirock ohne schlüpfer. Naja, ich brauche nicht ins Einzelne zu gehen, jedenfalls gebe ich meinen Klienten, was sie wünschen.

Jeder Teil meines Körpers ist verkäuflich. Ich gebe meinen Klienten, was jede Ehefrau ihrem Mann geben sollte. Der einzige Unterschied ist, dass ich für meine Dienste bezahlt bekomme. Nun ja, dies klingt ja alles schön und gut. Irgendwelche Nachteile muss mein Beruf doch haben? Natürlich gibt es Nachteile, wobei all diese Heuchelei das Schlimmste ist! Die meisten Menschen können nicht verstehen, weshalb meine Klienten zu mir kommen. Sie kommen nicht nur, um zu ficken, sie wollen sich auch mit mir unterhalten, wollen ihre Probleme diskutieren. Sie zeigen mir Photos ihrer Frauen und Kinder, über die sie meistens sehr stolz sind. Sie sprechen über ihre Geschäfte, über persönliche Probleme, über Familienprobleme, und ich bin bereit, sie anzuhören und versuche, sie zu verstehen. Sie können nicht zum Arzt gehen oder einen Anwalt besuchen, sie können nicht einmal mit einem guten Freund sprechen, geschweige denn mit ihrer eigenen Frau. Ist es nicht äusserst merkwürdig, dass ein intelligenter und erfolgreicher Mann seine Probleme lieber mit einer Frau bespricht, die einen sehr niedrigen sozialen Status hat, die eine Prostituierte ist, als mit seiner Ehefrau und ausserdem bereit ist, dafür zu bezahlen?

Ich halte es für sehr wichtig, einen Mann anzuhören, ihn zu verstehen zu versuchen. Eine Ehefrau sollte dies tun! Natürlich würde ich weniger Klienten haben, wenn dies so wäre.

Wenn Leute sich abfällig über Prostituierte und über Prostitution überhaupt äussern, habe ich Lust zu sagen: „ohne Nachfrage kein Angebot!“

Ich bin nicht verheiratet, wenigstens noch nicht, und das bekümmert mich keinesfalls. Ich habe bereits viele Anträge gehabt, aber keiner war mir interessant genug. Ich bin jedoch ganz sicher, dass ich eines Tages den Rechten treffen werde — vermutlich einen Klienten —, den ich lieben kann. Dann, aber nur dann, werde ich heiraten. Ich weiss nicht, ob ich das Huren dann aufgeben werde oder nicht. Das wird man sehen. Vielleicht gebe ich es auf, so wie andere Frauen ihren Beruf aufgeben, wenn sie heiraten, vielleicht mache ich weiter?

Einige Punkte möchte ich noch besonders hervorheben. Es waren keine besonderen Umstände, die mich zur Hure gemacht haben. Ich habe meine Profession aus freien Stücken gewählt und ich habe viel Vergnügen davon gehabt. Ich glaube nicht daran, dass man für den Rest seines Lebens zerstört ist, weil

man eine Hure gewesen ist. Sagte nicht ein Philosoph einmal „eine gute Hure wird stets eine gute Ehefrau werden?“

Zum Schluss habe ich eine Bitte an Sie. Es würde mich sehr freuen, wenn Sie diesen Brief veröffentlichen würden. Ich glaube nämlich, dass das von mir Gesagte von gewissem Wert ist, dass mein Brief dazu beitragen kann, die Prostitution mit neuen Augen zu betrachten. Mein Brief mag auch anderen Mädchen, die die Absicht haben, als Huren zu arbeiten, klar machen, dass es nicht so schlimm ist, wie gewisse Wissenschaftler, Ärzte und Sexologen behaupten.

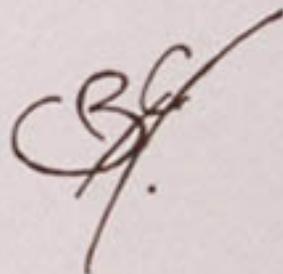
Lieber Herr Milton, setzen Sie Ihre wertvolle Arbeit fort. Ich wünsche Ihnen alles Gute für die Zukunft. Wenn Sie mir einige Zeilen zukommen lassen wollen, so haben Sie ja meine Anschrift.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen
Eine Hure

Liebe Hure!

Ihren Brief habe ich bereits beantwortet. Ich möchte jedoch die Gelegenheit wahrnehmen, Ihnen auch in meinem Magazin meine Bewunderung zu bezeugen. Ich schätze Ihre Offenheit sehr hoch und habe allen Respekt vor Ihnen.

Ihr Freund
MILTON



The castle of Drottningholm

This is the young Swedish king Carl Gustaf's summer residence, even called "The Versailles of the North". The beautiful and romantic park is ideal for love. Let's follow Sonja and her boyfriend on a Sunday afternoon.

Dies ist die Sommerresidenz des jungen schwedischen Königs Carl Gustaf. Der schöne, romantische Park des Schlosses, das man auch das „Versaille des Nordens“ nennt, ist für Liebende besonders geeignet. Lasst uns sehen, was Sonja und ihr Freund an einem sonnigen Nachmittag dort tun.

Voici la résidence d'été du jeune roi de Suède Carl Gustaf. On l'appelle le Versailles du Nord. Son merveilleux parc au charme romantique est comme fait pour l'Amour. Suivons Sonja et son ami dans leur promenade dominicale.

Dit is de zomer residentie van de jonge Zweedse koning Carl Gustaf, ook het „Versaille van het Noorden“ genoemd. Het mooie romantische park is ideaal voor de liefde. Laat ons Sonja en haar vriend volgen op een zondagmiddag.

Sonja



Another Lovestory by Milton





If only the trees could talk. Imagine how much love they must have seen during the centuries!



Ach, wenn die Bäume doch reden könnten! Wieviel Liebe haben sie nicht durch die Jahrzehnte gesehen!



Si seulement les arbres pouvaient parler! Combien de scènes d'amour ont-ils pu voir depuis des siècles!



Als de bomen zouden kunnen spreken. Ga eens na hoeveel zij niet door de eeuwen heen gezien hebben.





When time and place is right,
passion comes automatically.



Ist Zeit und Platz richtig,
kommt die Leidenschaft ganz
von selbst.



Quand l'endroit et le moment
sont propices, la passion vient
d'elle-même.



Wanneer de plaats en tijd juist
is komt de passie vanzelf.





Why not taste your love? What is more natural after a sip of good wine, than to lick your girl and enjoy her fresh salty female flavour—and for a lovely girl to feel her boyfriend's manhood between her lips in a sweet longing kiss, and then...

Warum soll man die Liebe nicht voll auskosten? Was kann nach einem Schluck guten Weines natürlicher sein, als deine Liebste zu lecken und ihren frischen, salzigen und weiblichen Geschmack zu genießen — und für ein reizendes Mädchen, als das Gemächte ihres Freundes in einem süßen und sehnsuchtsvollen Kuss zwischen seinen Lippen zu fühlen? Und dann...

Pourquoi ne pas déguster ton amour ? Quoi de plus naturel, après une gorgée de vin capiteux que de lécher ton amie et de goûter à l'essence délicieusement salée de sa féminité ? Et pour une femme ravissante, de prendre le sexe de son amant entre ses lèvres un doux baiser passionné ? Et ensuite...

Waarom niet van de liefde smaken. Wat is meer natuurlijk na een slokje wijn dan van je geliefde te genieten en haar vrouwelijke zoute huid te proven - en voor een meisje om haar vriend zijn lid tussen haar lippen te nemen in een lange kus, en dan...







...kneel in front of him, offering him her pretty behind, willing and ready. He plunges deep into her and moments later spreads his cream all over her back.



... sie kniet vor ihm und bietet ihm ihren hübschen Hintern willig an. Er stürzt tief in sie hinein und wenig später breitet sich seine Sahne über ihrem Hintern aus.



A genoux devant lui, offrant son gracieux derrière, avide et impatient. Il plonge profondément en elle et, quelques instants après, étale ses reins de sa sève.



...kniel voor hem, biedt hem je mooie achterste aan, gewillig en bereid. Hij duipt diep in haar en even later spuit hij zijn creme over haar rug.





The loving couple carry on, caught in the spiral of love, tumbling around in moments of everlasting pleasure.



Die Liebenden machen weiter, gepackt von Leidenschaft und unbeschreiblicher Verzückung.



Pris dans un tourbillon d'amour, les amants continuent et se cabrent dans les spasmes exacerbés du plaisir.



Het geliefde paar gaat door, gevangen in de cirkel van de liefde, rollend in eeuwig genot.





The flames of warm caresses, the flow of love juices, both exciting reflections of lovemaking.



Heissflammende Leidenschaft, strömender Liebessaft — beides sind erregende Zeugnisse der Liebe.



Brasier de caresses enflammées, flot d'effluves érotiques: deux excitants facteurs de l'acte d'amour.



De vlammen van warme passie, de stroom van de liefdes drank, beiden reflecties van de liefde.





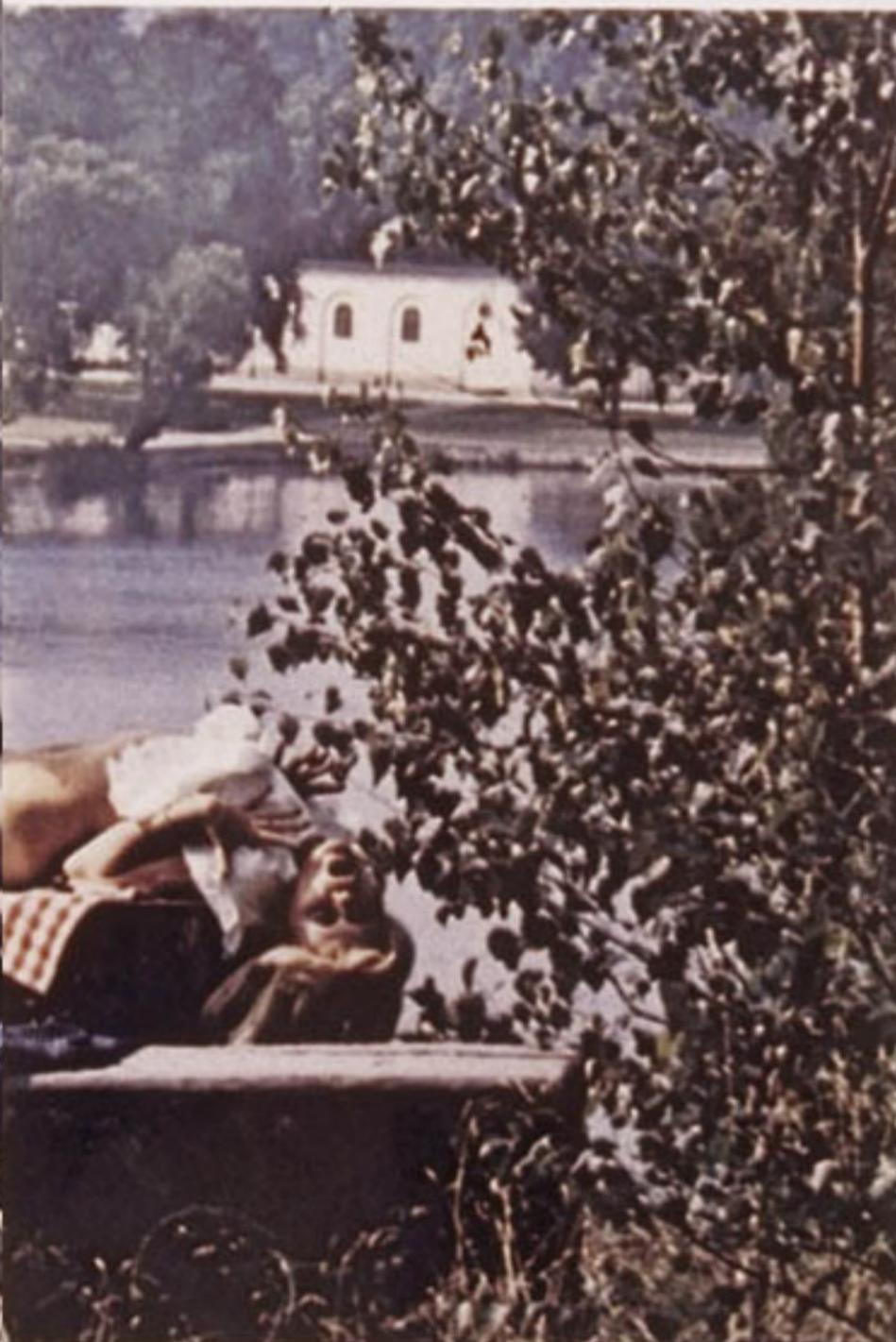
There are many ways to reach one's peak. Sonja and George excel in every position known to man. They arouse each other in exiting variations. Their sensitivity leaves us in no doubts of their love.

Es gibt viele Methoden, den Gipfel der Entzückung zu erreichen. Sonja und Georg beherrschen alle bekannten Stellungen. Sie entfachen einander in aufregenden Variationen. Ihre Sensitivität lässt keinen Zweifel an ihrer Liebe aufkommen.

Il y a plusieurs façons d'atteindre une verge. Sonja et Georges font des merveilles dans toutes les positions connues de l'Homme. Ils se stimulent par d'excitantes variations. Leur réceptivité ne laisse aucun doute sur l'amour qui les unit.

Er zijn vele manieren om de top te bereiken. Sonja en George zijn de baas in alle standen aan de mens bekend. Zij moedigen elkaar aan tot alle standjes. Hun gevoeligheid laat ons niet twifelen aan hun liefde voor elkaar.





Where else in the world, but Sweden, could you find yourself in a situation like this: lovemaking completely in the open, with people and crowded sight-seeing boats slowly passing by? Joyful, free and shameless, isn't that how love should be?

Wo i der Welt, wenn nicht in Schweden, kannst du dich in einer Situation wie dieser befinden — Liebe unter freiem Himmel, während Menschen und Ausflugsboote langsam vorbeipassieren? Wundervoll, frei und schamlos — ist es nicht so, wie die Liebe sein soll?

Où ailleurs qu'en Suède pourrais-tu imaginer une pareille scène, faire l'amour dehors, à la vue des passants et des bateaux bondés de touristes? Espiègle, libre et sans honte, n'est-ce pas ainsi que l'amour devrait être?

Waar anders dan in Zweden kunt U dit beleven, een situatie als deze. Liefde in de buitenlucht met mensen en volle sight-seeing boten die voorbij gaan? Vrij en onbevangen, zoals de liefde zijn moet.





The wonderful climax. George's come floods all over Sonja. Happily she gathers the flowing liquid and massages it on her wide open pussy moaning with satisfaction.

Der herrliche Höhepunkt. Georgs Sahne ergießt sich über Sonja. Glückliche streicht sie sich zusammen und massiert vor Befriedigung stöhnend, ihre Puschi damit.

Splendide explosion ! Georges jouit et décharge partout sur Sonja. Heureuse, progrant de plaisir, elle ramasse l'abondante sève pour s'en masser le vagin, maintenant grand ouvert.

De wonderbare klimax. George's geil stroomt over Sonja. Gelukkig verzamelt zij de stromende vloeistof en masseert het in haar nu wijd open poesje, terwijl zij kreunt van voldoening.



MAJ-BRIHT BERGSTRÖM-WALAN

Head of Swedish Institute for Sexual Research



Dr. Bergström-Walan is regarded by many as one of the world's foremost experts on sex education and cohabitational problems. She received her Bachelor's degree in 1957, and worked as an assistant principal teacher in a secondary school during the years 1958—1964. In 1963 she earned her Ph. D. Her thesis was "Psychosomatic Medicine in Relation to Pregnancy and Delivery".

Along with a number of articles, Maj-Briht Bergström-Walan has published four books on the subject of sex. She has also produced a number of films, for example: "To Be Together", "Masturbation and Petting", "Sexual Intercourse", "Impotence and Frigidity", "Sex After 60", "Sex and the Handicapped", "Homosexuality", "Transvestism" and "Drugs and Sex".

Dear Readers,

It has always been our aim to do our utmost for our readers, and accordingly, we have today the honour of introducing to you Maj-Briht Bergström-Walan, Ph. D., head of Swedish Institute for Sexual Research. Dr. Bergström-Walan has been kind enough to agree to cooperating with us in order to help those of you, who may have problems concerning your sexlife. She will reply to one question of general interest in each issue of PRIVATE. Send your letters to: Dr. Bergström-Walan, Private Press AB, Fack, S-104 62 Stockholm, Sweden.

Dear Dr. Bergström-Walan,

It was a pleasure reading your answer to this worried woman in no 27 of PRIVATE, and I am glad indeed to know that there is someone I can write to and get some help from. I would appreciate it much if you would answer my question.

*I am bisexual and have been married for several years. My wife knows of my interest for men and has accepted the situation. I thought that being married would change my attitude towards men, but after several years of matrimony my feelings are as strong as ever. We have two children together, 10 and 12, who are as yet too young to understand my homosexual feelings. I am plagued by this and am often depressed. I would be very grateful to know your opinion on this subject, and hear your viewpoints.
40 year old husband.*

Dear 40 year old husband,

People are born with different sexual drives. This feeling can be either weak or strong depending on the individual. No one is sure what steers this sexual drive, but certainly hormones play a special role. The centre of sexuality is the brain and if this is damaged in any way this of course can influence ones sexual drive.

It is certainly a mutual advantage if sexual drive is taken into account when choosing a partner. This, however, is rarely the case as so many other factors are taken into account when deciding the suitability of two persons and a life partner is often not a matter of choice but of luck or circumstance. To measure sexual drive is difficult. Factors such as the frequency of intercourse, masturbation, the type of sexual dreams and even sexual fantasy play an important role. Sexual drive can be influenced in the same way as our desire to eat, drink or sleep.

It is possible to increase ones sexual desires together with a strong, vital person and subdue them with a weak passive person. There are, of course, limits to how far one can be influenced. It is just as important to test a potential partner sexually as it is to test a secondhand car before signing a contract.

What is it that decides our sexual orientation? Unfortunately, we know very little about this subject. One thing we are sure about is, that all people are bisexual. It is mainly upbringing, societies attitude to sex, our everyday environment which decides the individuals sexual orientation.

A bisexual person can live her whole life as a heterosexual without having being involved in a homosexual act, but even so she could be bisexual. A single involvement could draw forth the homosexual tendency in her. All of us to a certain extent are homosexual. Some of us are more homosexual than heterosexual and conversely, while others are a fine balance between the two.

Due to the fact that sexuality has always been associated with conceiving children it has been difficult for many people to accept

homosexuality. Without a doubt it is the church who is against homosexuality and who is against homosexuality and who have always judged it as a mortal sin. This is a pity as all love, if given sincerely, enriches peoples lives and make them happy. It could be said, in fact, that a person who is bisexual and can express themselves as a heterosexual or a homosexual can get more out of their sexual life than one who only has contact with the opposite sex. It will take a long time, however, before society accepts that homosexuality is just as natural as heterosexuality.

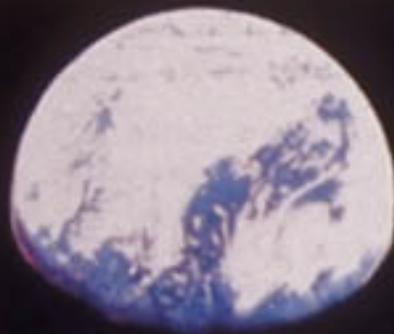
You should consider yourself lucky therefore that your wife understands your leaning towards men and allows you to satisfy your wishes and desires.

I don't often meet homosexuals who are frightened of their situation and wish to curb their tendency. It is the pressure of society with it's traditional outlook, which causes these people to suffer and become timid and shy in their surroundings and even become frightened of themselves. I do not think anyone has the right to try and "change a person's nature". What should be changed is societies attitude to the situation such that individuals can freely express themselves sexually, just as they express any other facet of their life. My understanding is, that all love is good as long as no one is hurt. No one should be compelled to give up a love, which is sincere and right because this love for a person of the same sex.

I do not think your wife will lose anything because of your homosexual contacts. She may even gain by understanding and accepting the situation. One can never own another person and certainly not sexually.

Best regards,

My Best Regards - Walter



PRIVATE READER

My previously very esteemed PRIVATE, We keep asking ourselves "are the present editors of PRIVATE aware of what they have done to a former pearl among magazines?"

Not more than 20% of the pictures are really good, as far as ethics go. If you were to read through one or two of the texts sometime, and then check them against the pictures that should correspond with them, you'll "maybe" notice that the two have nothing to do with each other whatsoever . . .

The quality of reproduction is extremely penetrating—you get the feeling that you are at a butcher's party, not at all in harmony with what the words have to say. I don't suppose MILTON has ever been inside a butcher's shop, though I'm sure he has lost nothing of that clever eye for beauty in sex . . .

But that he allows you to ruin his work to that extent—I don't accept that. Compared to the first nine issues of PRIVATE, the latest ones would make a Jewish money-lender blush . . . You have turned the original beauty of natural sex into miserable, unaesthetic rubbish! People who read PRIVATE today must surely get "turned off" sex rather than "turned on" by it. We have absolutely no prejudices against Jews, but we oppose just this type of Yiddish ideal which aims to degrade the genuine thing. In other words we wish to say that PRIVATE PRESS should dismiss these pathetic characters and send them off with a flea in their ear . . . They deserve to be locked in a French latrine.

We don't think your PRIVATE is worth DM 1.50.

You will probably laugh at us or accuse us of being anti-semites, but this is not the case however. We would buy PRIVATE from a Jew too, but certainly not from such pathetic types who know the value of money, but who are otherwise incapable of counting to three.

Of course you can also point that we are not forced to buy the stuff, but the very fact that we are writing now proves that we were satisfied with, and proud of PRIVATE. Anyhow, you have succeeded in destroying PRIVATE's reputation, and we can't forgive you for that. At present we purchase "SEX ORGIES", a magazine we find both reasonable in price, DM 5.00 to DM 7.50, and with very high quality pictures. You should take a look at it and see! With fewer pages and no texts, it has nevertheless more impact than your pathetic pornography in the once famous PRIVATE.

Rene Siegel
Aachen

Dear Siegel,

I am collecting letters. So far I have thirteen files. Twelve are filled with appreciation. One is for complaints. There I just put your letter. It's number three.

Thanks
MILTON



Dear Mr. Milton,

As a reader of your pornographic magazine PRIVATE I would like to congratulate you on your creative photo series. In my opinion your magazine is by far and away the best on the market, and

Private introduces under this heading, a representative selection of opinions sent in by our Private readers. If you wish to write relating your sexual experiences, positively, negatively, or even expressing your views regarding Private articles, then please drop a line to Private, marking the envelope "Private Reader". You may correspond in English, German, French, Spanish or Italian. In order to publish your letters, it is necessary that they be kept short. We would like you, as we, to state your opinions quite openly. If for some reason you wish to remain anonymous, then we will publish your letter signed "a Private reader". All letters, needless to say, are treated in the strictest confidence. In order to give you some idea of the subjects touched upon by our readers, we quote the following letters which we have received.

I hope you will always keep to this standard.

I wish to take this opportunity in giving some suggestions which might be of use, and which I have as yet not seen in your magazine. To give a more aesthetic look to the couples you photograph naked, I suggest the removal of all body hair from under the arms and around the vagina of the girl, and from the chest and around the man's penis.

Did it ever occur to you that it could be rather exciting to colour the genital hair of a girl, especially if her triangle of hair is like a thick forest and extensive in area? Perhaps a bright red for one, maroon or black for another one, or even a "forest" of many colours?

Women with shaved cunts should have the genital lips gaily made-up, and the rest coloured in gold. I picture this as being very exciting in colour, and I'm sure it would attract even more friends for your magazine. Why not try it out at least—I feel sure your models would have nothing against it and would understand your aim with this idea. Would you let me know if you accept my ideas? I should anyway like to know what your opinion is.

Yours sincerely,
Albrecht Linke

Dear Mr. Linke,

With reference to the shaved couple in no 22, and the black pussy with the bush of hair in no 20, I can promise you more colour in the future.

Regards,
MILTON



Dear Mr. Milton,

I have been one of your regular readers for a long time now, and I eagerly await each new edition of your wonderful magazine PRIVATE, knowing that every issue comes up to one's expectations. I was particularly fond of Ellen and her partner in no 22, since to witness sexual intercourse with all genital hair shaven away I find both intense and stimulating. I tried this out myself, much to my wife's delight who is now no longer disturbed by that hairy forest when licking and caressing.

As I experience great pleasure in sex and pornography, I do not only limit my activities to copying your ideas but wish instead even to contribute to them. Your pictures are a means of stimulation for me, when making love to my wife, and also when masturbating alone, a method I sometimes prefer to copulation. How about printing the story of a man who is wanking and at the same time illustrate his fantasies. Since I really get excited over pictures of women with great jets of spunk dripping down their faces like tears, PRIVATE no 15, Gunnel, I suggest a serie of pictures with about 5 men who are brought close to an orgasm in every conceivable way by two women. However, they shouldn't shoot their spunk over the women's cunts, but instead, and one at a time, cover the face and mouth of one of the women, preferably a negress for the sake of contrast, who in turn is not to swallow any of it. Then while the men give the woman on orgasm, the others thus stimulated should lick the nectar from the mouth, face and body of the "anointed one". And so ends the vision of the masturbating man. In my opinion a story such as this would satisfy anyone who considers masturbation, together with copulation, an important part of his sex life.

Looking forward to the next issue with

much eagerness, I send you my best regards.

P.K.

Mannhei

Dear P.K.,

How about *ra* in this issue?

Regards,

MILTON



Dear Sir,

My wife and I enjoy your magazine very much, so much in fact that we are enclosing another \$ 30.00 for issues nos 13, 15, 26, 27 and 28! There is little we have to complain about since we do find your photos and general layouts erotic and often beautiful. But we do have a few suggestions which we hope you will consider. Possibly these ideas will not heighten the erotic delights of all of your readers (though, who knows?) but, if followed, will certainly increase our own pleasure.

Since your female models engage in homosexual activities (either in a troila, a foursome, or just two) we feel that it would be stimulating if your male models would follow suit and also engage in homosexual play. It would also be nice to see a masturbation sequence using a man plus his fantasies, as in no 14. And, since you are dealing with human sexuality and not merely that of just Caucasians, please do dip your camera lens into the great varied pool of races and colours which exists on this earth—and not merely oriental or black girls, but their men as well!

May we suggest as well that you devote one article to the present crop of firstrate sex-films now being shown in Sweden and Denmark and even the U.S., and another article on you yourself and exactly how you go about shooting a particular sequence

—a sort of “behind the scenes” look at PRIVATE being made. It would be most interesting and would not hurt your image in the last.

We would like to see you more couple-oriented with less emphasis on satisfying the male fantasies and more on satisfying the females in your readership. For example, why not convert your centrefold from “Your Private Girl” to “Your Private Coup” or alternate a man and a woman each issue and call it “Your Private man/woman”? The verbal descriptions which accompany your photos are usually good and we ask that you use a little more poetry and imagination in your choice of vocabulary.

However, our main complaint-suggestion deals with the nexus of the erotic appeal of your magazine. This, we feel, is mainly generated by the rapport which exists between your models and the rapport which they are capable of generating between themselves and us, the readers. That is, they must convey expressions of sexual and emotional feelings to each other and to us through the lens of the camera. Only in your recent issues have the men in your photos shown their faces let alone their feelings! This is very anti-erotic. The male models must reciprocate the expressiveness of their female counterparts and must develop rapport with the reader by direct contact through the camera. Your girls come across as people and not merely cunts but the same cannot be said for the men. You answered a complaining letter once by saying that we appreciate a cunt much more when we know to whom it belongs—well, the same pinciple holds true with a cock. To whom do the erect penises in

your photos belong? To athletes, teachers, entrepreneurs, magicians or clerks? So often the cunts in your pictures are adorned as they should be with a female personality, why not your cocks? We really hope that you do consider seriously this one suggestion, for it represents the key to the potential your magazine possesses for generating complete erotic arousal and that is male models capable of and willing to express themselves facially and physically through the lens, to us, the readers.

We like most of what you do—the close-ups, the settings, your choice of models (though not the latter part of no 25), your photographic techniques (why not more colour-tinting as in no 14?), the ejaculations, the stories, the articles, sometimes your centre-folds (e.g. no 18) and rarely your moral, but only because you say nothing we don't already believe!

We like the increase to 88 pages and hope a similar increase is not necessary in the price as \$8.00 is already expensive for us, being low-income earners. Continued success to you and your magazine and remember, there are more female readers among your fans than you may realize and their tastes differ from ours!

Best wishes,
Myles and Dianne Mackintosh
Toronto Ontario
Canada

Dear Myles and Dianne,

You are right and I am going to pay more attention to the female readers in the future since I have received quite a lot of letters similar to yours.

Regards,
MILTON

Dear Private,

I read the letter from Mrs. Johnson, USA, in PRIVATE no 27, and got the idea to write and tell you about something unusual that once happened to me.

A friend of mine, who has a dog, asked me to look after "Snoppy (that's his name) for a week-end. I am not one of those dog-nuts, but since I owed this friend a favour, I agreed.

I had planned to spend the evening in front of the TV with a relaxing drink, but that was obviously not Snoopy's idea of how to spend a Saturday evening. He seemed very bored, and trying to cheer him up, I tempted him with my sandwich, and then, when he jumped up beside me in the sofa, I pretended not to give him anything. He got all excited and we tumbled around in a playfull fight. My dressing gown opened, and Snoopy came closer sniffing the smell of my pussy. He whimpered and didn't know what to do. But did I? I suddenly felt an urge to push his head closer, to feel his tongue on my clitoris ... and as if this was ment by nature he began to lick. I had never thought of myself in this situation, but God, I liked it. I felt my orgasm coming, like a strong wave not being able to be stopped. I came, and how I came! It was such a strong feeling that now, afterwards, it scares me. I hope this will never happen again!

Or do I?
Best regards,
Miss Petersen
Copenhagen

Dear Miss Petersen,

Didn't someone say that a dog is a man's best friend?

Regards,
MILTON



"MAYBE SOME COLD WATER"...





"Titti, you have tried to organize the prostitutes in Rome, why?"

"I believe that the woman of today should be absolutely free to do whatever she wants with her own body as long as it doesn't hurt anyone. Women are made to vote, to join Parliament, they are even breadwinners, why can't they be allowed to feel free and do what they want with their body?"

"You are not a prostitute yourself. How did you come in contact with the prostitutes and why do you think they will rely on you as their representative?"

Several girls have approached me with their problems, and have asked me for my advice. I even receive letters from girls who want me to talk for them, to lead their organization and support their cause. I'm also receiving letters and phonecalls from all Italy and other parts of the world, supporting my views on prostitution."

"Why should they have confidence in you?"

"I don't ask for their confidence, they approach me. I have stated my opinion to the press, I have confidence in myself, I can face the general public and our government in trying to prove that a woman who wants to be free with their body are not committing a crime. Any girl, even an ordinary house-wife, a teacher, a university student can make love to a man of her own free will if she wants to, and if she wants to be paid for the pleasure as well, she should be free to do so."

"You have not been working on the streets, in the bars, or in the big hotels, what do you think is the biggest and most difficult problem for the prostitutes in Rome today?"

"The most difficult problem for the prostitutes in Rome today is, that they have no place to go. They are sometimes to be found at various bus-stop, and it's hard to know who is a prostitute or not. You see, they haven't got a chance, and things like that can be hard for them. They have

Titti Sciascia has been acclaimed throughout the word press as the woman who started a trade union for the prostitutes in Rome. She met hard resistance from the authorities. Titti was married at the age of 18, she is now divorced and lives together with her daughter. Titti has been working as a house model, mannequin and as a parttime model for a painter. Two months ago she lost her job as a postmistress, because of being actively engaged in the organization for the problems of the prostitutes. I talked to her in her apartment in Via Platona Romo.

REPORT BY MILTON



I believe that the woman of today should be free to do what she wants with her own body as long as she does not hurt anybody.

gister and after that she will constantly be watched over."

"Do you think that is fair?"

"Of course not, they are not criminals. All these things are just hypocrisy. We are hoping to form a union and put the case up for the next years election. At present, we have about 50 members, and we know that there are people who are not in the prostitution business, that are willing to support us. We are hoping that we will get more support."

"We have now been talking about the problems for the prostitutes in Rome and Italy. Do you have a general attitude towards the problems for the prostitutes all over the world?"

"A man can approach a girl or a woman in many ways, nobody says anything, nobody notice anything. If it's vice verse the girl is immediately classified as a prostitute which means something of lower degree. And if a girl sells herself for money, in most parts of the world, that is classified as a crime. Why? I do not belong to the Women Liberation, but I think that in this situation both sexes should have the same rights. It could be a way for a woman both to make her living out of it and, the same time get pleasure, so why not? Or, let me put it this way, I'm not for prostitution, but we cannot neglect it. It is

no regular place as in other countries, and are always afraid of getting into trouble with the law. Older and more active girls, you can sometimes find on the roads outside the city. Sometimes they move to other areas or out of Italy, where there are more possibilities."

"Titti, prostitution have been called the oldest profession in the world. In Amsterdam you have the girls in the red-light area, sitting in the windows. In Germany organized in brothels such as Palais d'Amour and Eros Center. In India you will find girls of all various kinds on the streets and behind iron barrels. How would you like to see the prostitutes organized in Rome?"

"I don't think there should be brothels or special areas, because I don't think a girl who is earning money with her body should have the name prostitute printed" all over her. I think she should have her own apartment, where she could meet her clients, discreetly not to offend her neighbours. I don't think the girls should be walking along with the key dangling from their hand, automatically classified as prostitutes."

"So, you prefer some kind of a call-girl system?"

"I think that idea is more worthwhile. It is proved to be convenient for both the client and the girl."

"What kind of action is the police taking against the prostitutes in Rome for the moment?"

"If the girl gets into trouble with the police she can face a lot of problems. For instance, she is denied her rights as a decent citizen. She will, for example, lose her drivers licence or not getting it renewed. She will be put in a special re-



I don't think that the girls should be walking along with the key dangling from their hand, automatically classified as prostitutes.

there, it has always been there, and it will always be there, so if the authorities for one second think that they can eliminate the prostitution they are completely wrong. I can't find any reason why the prostitutes should not be allowed to be or-

ganized and be given normal rights of human beings."

"Thank you Titti."



Generally a man can approach a girl in many ways, but if a girl sells herself for money it is in most parts of the world classified as a crime, why?

After several phonecalls, making many visits to the police headquarters in Rome, I finally found a man who was willing to answer my questions about the prostitutes in Rome. Mr. Gaetano Piccolella, and intelligent and charming PR-officer, was most willing to answer my questions.

"How many prostitutes do you think are working in Rome today?"

"Difficult to say, I should guess a few hundreds."

"Do you really think that is a realistic amount for a city with 2 milj. inhabitants?"

"Well, it might be a thousand, maybe a few hundreds more."

"Are the prostitutes located to certain areas in the city?"

"No, not really. You can find them anywhere in the city."

"Doesn't that fact cause you problems?"

"In many other countries the police prefer to have the prostitutes located to certain areas, easy to watch and control. I don't think we have very many problems with the prostitutes in this city."

"Good, I just heard that the police were taking action against Titti Sciascia because she wanted to organize the prostitutes, what is your comment to that?"

"In my opinion Mrs. Sciascia just wanted some personal publicity and she's nothing to worry about. She wanted to be the president of the prostitutes, but I don't think it will work

out.

"Why?"

"Well, there is no need for such an organization here."

"But, isn't it a well-known fact all over the world that uncontrolled prostitution quite often is combined with criminality, I mean the pimps drugs etc."

"You might be right, but I can assure you that Rome is not worse than any other place."

"I have also been told, that the police put the prostitutes into a special register on purpose to make difficulties for them, for example: if they want to have, or renewe their driver's licence or passport. Is that true?"

"Absolutely not. Of course they are put on a list like other people who are doing something against the law, but nothing is done except that."

"But if the police catch a prostitute three or four times, what will be done to her?"

"Well, I don't know in detail. That depends on each particular case. I must say that the prostitutes are clever enough not to get caught that often, you see, they move to different parts of the city, specially if they have feeling that they have been observed by the police, or caught once."

"Do you believe in a system like in Amsterdam, Berlin, etc., I mean with brothels, under control?"

"No, I definitely don't believe in brothels. I don't think that is necessary here in Italy, because men, generally don't want or like to pay the girls."

"You know, it's regarded as a crime, if a girl approach a man on the street, not the other way around what's your opinion to that?"

"That is one of our rules which has to be followed."

"My last question. Do you principally agree with the idea that a woman should be free to sell herself if she wants to, if she doesn't cause any harm to the neighbours or the people on the street?"

"Yes."

"Thank you Mr. Piccolella."

PRIVATE of the new Swedish concept of sexual freedom. The frank picture-material, articles and reports show in an unique manner the emancipation and honesty towards sex as enjoyed by Swedish women. There is an interest in PRIVATE for all, whatsoever their sexual tastes. Erotic art, lesbianism, exhibitionism, masturbation, troilism, sex orgies, fellatio, cunnilingus, close-ups, orgasm, transvestism etc. The original PRIVATE photographs are refined, inspiring and aesthetic showing many varied unexpurgated coital positions. Text in English.

PRIVATE In PRIVATE finden Sie die unverfälschte Darstellung einer neuen Auffassung von sexueller Freiheit, wie sie sich in Schweden schon weithin durchgesetzt hat. Die freizügigen Bilder und Berichte zeigen auf unüberhörtene Weise das Mass an Emanzipation, das viele Menschen schon für sich errungen haben. PRIVATE spricht jeden Geschmack an: erotische Liebe, Masturbation, Exhibitionismus, Nahaufnahmen, lesbisches Liebes, Orgien, Fellatio, Cunnilingus, Orgasmus, Transvestiten usw. PRIVATE Originalfotos bringen in unerschöpflicher Vielzahl raffinierte Coitalstellungen für verwöhnteste Ansprüche. Fast alle PRIVATE Texte in Deutsch.

PRIVATE Dans PRIVATE vous découvrirez la description authentique de la liberté sexuelle à la suédoise. A-travers illustrations, enquêtes et articles directs, vous faites connaissance d'une exquise façon avec l'émancipation et l'ouverture dont les femmes suédoises jouissent à l'endroit des choses sexuelles. PRIVATE pense à tous et à toutes, satisfait tous les goûts: art érotique, amour lesbien, exhibitionisme, auto-érotisme, amour à trois, bacchanales érotiques, pompier, minette, feuille de rose, orgasme, travestisme etc. Les photos de PRIVATE sont des originaux raffinés, évocateurs et inspirateurs présentant un grand nombre de positions coitales variées et intégrales. Text en français.

PRIVATE In PRIVATE troverete un onesto ritratto del nuovo concetto svedese della libertà sessuale. Il franco materiale fotografico, gli articoli e i rapporti dimostrano di un modo unico l'emanipazione e l'onestà verso il sesso, goduto dalla donna svedese. PRIVATE è d'interesse per tutte le direzioni sessuali. Arte erotica, lesbismo, esibizionismo, masturbazione, troilismo, orgie sessuali, fellatio, cunnilingus, orgasmo, travestimento ecc. Le fotografie autentiche PRIVATE sono raffinate, ispiranti ed estetiche, dimostrando una grande varietà delle posizioni del coitus. Testi in inglese, tedesco, francese ed olandese.

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PRIVATE PRESS AB

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SWEDEN

\$2,000,000 SPENT OVER TWO YEARS ON EXTENSIVE RESEARCH PRODUCED THE 900 PAGES REPORT OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON OBSCENITY AND PORNOGRAPHY. THIS REPORT IS THE BASIS OF THE BOOK.



"the Commission found no empirical scientific evidence showing a causal relationship between exposure to pornography and any kind of harm to minors and adults."

"studies found that a substantial number of married couples reported more agreeable and enhanced marital communication and an increased willingness to discuss sexual matters with each other after exposure to erotic stimuli."

"People with more education are more likely to have experience with erotic materials. People who read general books, magazines, and newspapers more, and see general movies more also see more erotic materials. People who are more socially and politically active are more exposed to erotic materials."

"The unquestioned quality leader in porno magazines comes from Sweden. Private eclipses all other magazines, regardless of country of origin, in quality of photography and reproduction, not to mention aesthetics of design and layout, selection of models, etc. If features a 'gatefold' centerspread that Playboy would never dare try, and it is in a multi-language format."

"Milton's style is unmistakable; only the best is good enough for him. He is a real wizard with the camera and even his colleagues acknowledge his superiority without envy. To him photography is as much an art as it is a passion. Using his own talent and initiative he has created a magazine which in quality far outstrips all similar publications."

Bildzeitung



PRIVATE

21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35

PRICE INCL. POSTAGE America: US \$ 8

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NAME

ADDRESS

„Miltons Stil ist unverwechselbar; nur das Beste ist gut genug für ihn. Er zaubert mit der Kamera, und selbst seine Kollegen bewundern neidlos sein Können. Für ihn ist das Fotografieren ebenso Kunst wie Leidenschaft. Aus eigener Kraft und Initiative hat er ein Magazin aufgebaut, das an Qualität wohl fast alle ähnlichen Publikationen bei weitem überragt.“

Bildzeitung

Your
PRIVATE
Girl



READERS' OWN PHOTOGRAPHS!



If I were a bottle!
P.T.
Helsinki



To my little bunny Lea with a lot of love.
E.S.
Seregno

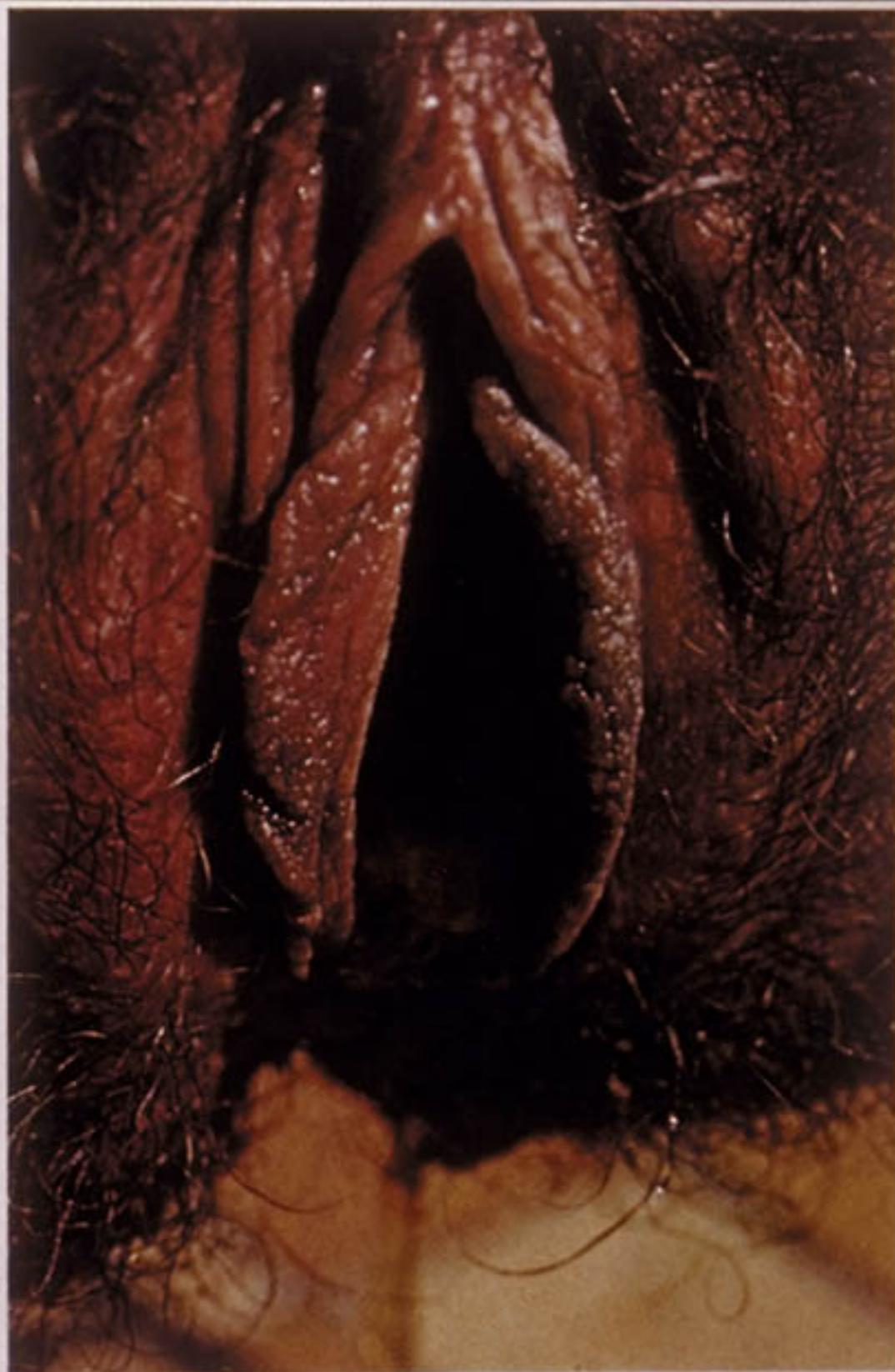


Dear Mr. Milton,
I enclose three negatives
of photos I took myself of
my wife. I hope you will find
at least one of them good
enough to be published in
your magazine.
E.S.
Dortmund

Many Private readers are sending us, with justifiable pride, photographs of their wives or girl friends: and in the case of our women readers, of themselves.

We intend, therefore, to provide four pages in future issues of Private for your own photographs. Just send us the photograph!

- 1) Photographs may be negatives — prints — or slides, and should be accompanied by the sender's name and address.
- 2) Please inform if you do not wish us to print your name/or address.
- 3) If you would like your photos returned kindly enclose a self-addressed envelope.
- 4) The sender of each photograph will be invited to choose any five issues of Private he or she may wish, to help complete their own collections.



Does my cunt meet your approval as a model?
Miss Siw Andersson
Stockholm





Dear Mr. Milton,
Last summer my husband and I spent some weeks in Berlin, where we had a marvellous time. My husband gets very excited seeing me making love with other men, especially when he has got the chance of taking some photos at the same time. Of course it also turns me on to change partners now and then. This young boy from Berlin was the driver of one of those enormous sight-seeing

busses, and he attracted me right from the beginning. Klaus, was one of the very best lovers I ever have had. When his big hard cock entered me, I could get up to six orgasms. I was really sad when we had to return to Köln, but next summer . . .

Best regards,
Mrs. Holz
Köln

My Latest Orgie



By Lucienne Camille

Friday morning I got up feeling a lot better than I did the previous week-end. I had been doing a lot of thinking, especially about Peter, and had been depressed. I thought the worst thing was to hung up on one guy, especially when he has a wife and kid. So, I decided to accept things just as they were. If I could have Peter, fine. If not, well the world is full of horny men, and I know for sure, I could always find another cock whenever I wanted.

That morning, one of those beautiful Swedish midsummer days, I was out among the crowds of crazy people, trying to get into a festive mood, when I noticed this Roman type character. I felt a burning sensation between my loins and thought, what an ideal distraction for my boredom. He was eyeing me with those Romeo eyes and we lost no time in satisfying our curiosity.

We greeted each other in a selfish manner, each feeling the burning contact we inspired in each other. We left the boring

crowds behind as we made our way back to enjoy the empty city on our own.

Marco didn't disappoint me. While we were racing along the motorway I saw him wetting his lips, and his hand slid up between my thighs squeezing my pussy. "Baby," he said, "I'm going to love you all over hope you'r lots of fun, and ready for lots of action." I spread my thighs under his hand, and smiled at him. "I'm always ready, Marco. That's the story of my life, wet and ready!" "Jesus, I'd like to fuck you right here in the car", he said. "You can, if you want, but wouldn't it be more comfortable in a nice soft bed?" "Don't worry, I have a place. Since my divorce last year, I have been living with my two mates. We have this great, ideal love-nest with a big soft bed, and are always ready, just like you." I burned more between my legs. "Are your friends going to be there?" I panted with excitement. "We often act in threes," he replied. He kept his hand on my croth, playing with my clit. I leaned back and enjoyed every minute of it.

After driving for what seemed hours, we reached a small white house set back from the road. "Well, here we are." "Oh, God," I thought, "what a lovely day this is going to be. I was already dripping from lust.

Marco's friends were discussing political matters over a beer in the kitchen. They looked up as we came in and suddenly they lost interest in their arguments.

I knew what I wanted and I could see that I was the one to start the show. Wasting no time, I stretched and said: "I'm going to find that big, soft bed, I have been told about. Hope you gentlemen will find time to join me in it." Swinging my hips sensually, I walked away, hearing the chairs being pulled back behind me. I casted a quick glance over my shoulder to find the three of them on their feet ready to spring on me like hungry lions. I wriggled my ass slowly back and forth a few times, then stood in the middle of the room, stretching and pushing my long hair in different directions wildly. Marco kissed me, running his hands up and down my body. "Oh, baby, you'r the sexiest chick I've ever met", he whispered in my ear. "I want to get inside your hot hole right now!" Feeling the hard bulge of his cock, I rubbed my cunt against it. "Come on and get it, you and your friends!"

I said, "You can have all the pussy you want. It's yours now." I was feeling so marvellous, like one of those beautiful women in the movies. It was so thrilling to see three men lusting after one cunt.

Ben and Steve helped me of with the little clothes I was wearing. What a delicious feeling having all these hands working on my body. I felt hotter and hotter. My nipples ached with desire. I grabbed Ben's cock while he toyed with my clit. "Man, she's hot and wet", he panted.

We were now on that big bed, all the four of us naked. To my excitement a cock was against my face. I pushed it into my mouth whilst someone else's warm tongue slid in and out of my ass. I squirmed with delight. I straddled Marco and his tool rammed my juicy cunt, sending tingles of hot joy inside me. I sucked hard on that big organ, the head of it throbbing against the roof of my mouth. He was moaning: "Fuck my cock, I'm coming in your gorgeous mouth, oooh!" And straight away I was tasting the sharp salty flavour of Steve's come in my throat. I gulped it down, and removed his now limp cock from my mouth. I felt Marco's tool growing another inch and opened my cunt wider, feeling his heavy balls bumping me with each stroke as he deposited his load all round my womb. I quivered and held high, draining him to his last drop. The double fucking and sucking had sent delightful waves through me, but I had not reached my peak yet. I suddenly remembered there was one more cock to come. Lifting my head, I could see Ben rubbing himself. "Here, let me do that for you!" I grabbed his cock, massaged it, squeezing his balls, wow, it got harder and became enormous. I put myself in a kneeling position. "Drive it home, Ben, give me that lovely prick!" I cried. Ben snapped his hips forward and drove the full length of his cock into me. I let out a moan of pain and pleasure. He had that big organ in my ass now and my orgasm was working me into a delerium. I was sure he should come too fast, the way he was digging my ass, but I was wrong. He was the best of the three. A beautiful orgasm stirred in my loins. I begged him to fuck harder. "Oh, yes, that's it Ben, hard and deep, rape my ass, oh yes, aaaaaa!" I shot up and exploded. Ben waited for a second,

then started at me again. A second and a third orgasm had me gasping, and on my forth he shot his load with me. I squeezed in all I could, some dripping down my thighs, my ass feeling like an inferno. "Baby, you'r all fire." We lay there exhausted, but me, I was dreaming of the next sensation. My desires started to grow again, I checked to see if the other two were ready. Ben knew I wanted more, and told Marco and Steve that they should take anoter ride. "She is like a bitch in season", he said. "She'll give you the satisfaction you'll never forget." I lay back and waited for them frantically rubbing my cunt, trying to get rid of that little beast gnawing me between my legs. I was running with juice, mine and theirs. Someone pushed my hands away and I felt a mouth sucking the juice off me. His fiery tongue entered my hole and I moaned with pleasure. He was soon on all four in front of me, kneading by breasts and biting my nipples. "Honey, I'm going to fuck you," he said. His hard prick hung over me, touching my breasts and stomach. He raised my hips and placed a pillow underneath me, as I spread my legs wider to make it easier for him. I grabbed his large tool and slid it into me. Thrembling, I got hold of the bedsteads. Building up speed the wonderful sensation spread all through my body. He pumped me into a frenzy, I was crammed full with his hot meat. He reached down, grabbing my tits, squeezing the nipples. "Oh, keep fucking, baby", he whispered in my ears. "Yes, sweet angel, fuck!" His cock began to pulsate and I felt myself quiver through another orgasm, my sixth.

We both came together, calling each other names. Regaining our senses he said: "Christ, that was the craziest thing I've ever done!"

This was it-the only way I wanted to fuck, lots of cocks, all after my cunt. I don't care who's cock and what size as long as it finds its way into my burning cunt. That weekend was sensational for the four of us and I could see that it was going to be a beautiful summer of lust and passion.

REBECCA

I had been found guilty. Lust was my crime.

In the cold damp dungeon cell with water dripping from the walls I couldn't help wondering: "Aren't we all created to love and make love?? Shouldn't women desire men? Who are they to judge me anyway, these religious bastards?"

As they entered, my fear mounted and desperately I searched for a way of surviving.

Man hatte mich schuldig gesprochen. Lust war mein Verbrechen. In der kalten, unterirdischen Zelle mit von Nässe tropfenden Wänden konnte ich nur eines denken: „Sind wir nicht alle für die Liebe geschaffen worden? Sollten Frauen nicht Begierde nach Männern haben? Welches Recht haben diese religiösen Bastarde eigentlich, sich zu meinen Richtern zu machen?"

Als sie eintraten, steigerte sich meine Angst. Verzweifelt suchte ich nach einem Ausweg, einer Weise, um zu überleben.

J'ai été reconnue coupable. Mon crime : la luxure.

Dans le cachot glacial aux murs suintant d'humidité, je ne cessais de divaguer : "Sommes-nous pas sur terre pour aimer et se faire aimer ? Pourquoi les femmes ne pourraient pas désirer des mâles ? Qui sont-ils pour me juger, ces bâtards de religieux ?" Quand ils entrèrent, l'épo uvante me saisit et je cherchai désespérément un moyen de sauver ma vie.

Ik was schuldig bevonden. Wellust was mijn misdaad.

In de koude vochtige smerige cel vroeg ik mij de hele tijd af: Zijn wij niet allen gemaakt om lief te hebben en geliefd te worden? Mogen vrouwen niet naar mannen verlangen? Wie zijn zij, dat zij kunnen veroordelen, deze religieuze schooiers? Toen zij binnen kwamen werd ik nog banger en zocht naar een manier om te overleven.



A woman with curly hair, wearing a red dress and black gloves, is kneeling on a bed of straw in a dark, candle-lit room. She is holding a book, likely the Bible, and looking down at it. A man in a dark, long-sleeved robe stands behind her, his hands near her. The scene is dimly lit, with a single candle visible in the background.

A thought struck my mind as I kissed the bible. Could I at least extend my life a bit longer using my body once more? Maybe for the last time...

Als ich die Bibel küsste, durchfuhr mich ein Gedanke. Sollte ich mein Leben nicht wenigstens etwas verlängern können, indem ich mich noch einmal meines Körpers bediente? Vielleicht zum letzten Mal...

En baisant la Bible, une idée me vint à l'esprit : prolonger ma vie ne serait-ce qu'un tout petit peu en utilisant encore mon corps ? Pour la dernière fois peut-être ...

Een gedachte kwam naar boven toen ik de Bijbel kuste. Misschien kon ik mijn leven wat verlengen door mijn lichaam nog een keer te gebruiken? Misschien voor de laatste keer...





They laughed in my face, but didn't decline my open cunt. Soon fingers were violating my opening.

Sie lachten mir ins Gesicht, aber ich verdeckte mein entblösstes Organ nicht. Wenig später wühlten ihre Finger in meiner Öffnung.

Ils ricanèrent mais ne refusèrent pas ma chatte consentante. Bientôt, leurs doigts violèrent mon intimité.

Zij lachten mij uit, recht in mijn gezicht, maar mijn geopende kut ontging hun niet. Spoedig voelde ik ruwe vingers in mijn opening.









I had abandoned all my inhibitions, all I cared for was to live.
I gulped the priest's cock.

Ich hatte alle Hemmungen verloren — wollte nur weiterleben.
Ich verschlang den Penis des Priesters.

J'avais surmonté ma frayeur. Tout ce que je voulais était VIVRE.
J'avalai la verge du prêtre.

Ik had al mijn verweer overgegeven, al waar ik aan dacht was te
overleven. Ik zwolg de lul van de priester.

Those hooded bastards were not missing a trick. Together they fucked and devoured my treasures. Soon spunk covered my body.

Diese Bastarde in ihren Kapuzen liessen sich nichts entgehen. Gemeinsam fickten sie mich und verschluckten sich nahezu an meinen Reizen. Bald war mein Körper von ihren Ergüssen bedeckt.

Ces salauds encapuchonnés ne perdaient aucune occasion. Tous ensemble, ils me baisèrent et dévorèrent mes trésors. Mon corps dégoulinait de foutre.

Deze schoften wisten wat zij wilden. Gezamenlijk neukten en smaakten zij mijn schat. Al gauw was mijn lichaam bedekt met geil.







A photograph of a woman lying on a bed of straw. She is wearing a red top and a black harness with a chain around her waist. A man in a brown suit is leaning over her, holding her arm. The scene is lit with warm, low-key lighting.

My cunt gurgled each time a massive
cock filled me. "This whore" was going
to take all they could give.

Jedesmal, wenn ein massiver Harter
in mir war, gurgelte es in meinem
Schlitz. „Diese Hure“ sollte alles haben,
was sie zu geben hatten.

Mon con gargouillait chaque fois qu'une
énorme bite me pénétrait. "Cette
putain" était en train de prendre tout
ce qu'ils pouvaient donner.

Mijn kut gorgelde iedere keer wanneer
die gevuld werd door een massieve lul.
Deze „hoer“ kreeg wat ze verdiende





A cock filled my mouth with jets of hot liquid.

Ein Harter füllte meinen Mund mit heißen Spitzern.

Une bite éjacula dans ma bouche en longs jets de foutre brûlant !

Een lul vulde mijn mond met hete vochtige stralen.







I sucked and fucked breathlessly.

Ich saugte und fickte atemlos.

Je pompais et baisais à en perdre
haleine

Ik zoog en neukte tot ik buiten adem
was.



I sank down on the monks' erect prick, as the stallion-executor mounted me, his dong piercing my ass. I grabbed the balls in front of me, took the hard prick in my mouth and sucked it. It was wild, more than I had bargained for, but I had forgotten the candles, the bible and my cry for mercy.

Als der Hingst von Scharfrichter mich bestieg, hatte ich den steilen Speer des Mönchs unter mir. Er stiess ihn in meinen Arsch. Ich griff nach dem Beutel vor mir, stopfte die Stange in meinen Mund und saugte. Es war wild, viel wilder als ich mir gedacht hatte, aber ich vergass die Kerzen, die Bibel und mein Geschrei um Gnade.

Je m'enfonçai sur la queue bandée du moine tandis que l'étalon-bourreau m'enfourchait et que sa bite me déchirait les fesses. J'empoignai les couilles qui se balançaient devant moi et, me fourrant la pine dans la bouche, je la suçai. C'était terrible, le contrat était dépassé, mais j'avais oublié les cierges et la Bible et ma rage de survie...

Ik zakte neer over de stijve lul van de monnik die mij vanachteren binnen drong. Ik greep naar de zak voor mij en nam zijn grote lul in mijn mond en zoog. Het was wild, kreeg meer dan ik gevraagd had, vergat de kaarsen, de Bijbel en mijn roep om genade.







It was like an explosion! I swallowed
everything.

Es war wie eine Explosion!
Ich schluckte alles!

Ce fut comme une explosion! J'avalai
absolument tout!

Het was also een explosie! Ik slikte alles
in.

Lust was my crime—would I have to die for it?

Lust war mein Verbrechen — sollte Lust mein Tod werden?

La luxure était mon crime. Devrai-je le payer de ma vie?

Wellust was mijn misdaad- maar zou ik ervoor moeten sterven?



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